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to I Dalrymple







THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The ninth edition.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR MUNDELL & SON;
AND FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, & ORME, AND THOMAS
OSTELL, AVE-MARIA LANE, LONDON.

1806.



TO
ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.
THE FOLLOWING
POEMS
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
HIS SINCERE FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

Edinburgh, April 13, 1799.

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THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.



Analysis of Part I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of those objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate....the influence of inspiration upon the other passions is next delineated....an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind....the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress....the seaman on his night watch....the soldier marching into battle....allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

THE inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of man, whether in the department of science, or of taste....does felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness....picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep, the pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

FROM the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of the world....the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanity among uncivilized nations....from these views of the regeneration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over the wide field of barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently successful in their struggles for independence....description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Vistula....apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human happiness....the wrongs of Africa....the barbarous policy of Europeans in India....prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their species and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.



THE HISTORY OF ROME

BY
Livy
TRANSLATED BY
W. C. DODGE
WITH A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION
BY
J. B. BAYLEY
AND A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH EDITION
BY
J. B. BAYLEY
ILLUSTRATED
BY
CHARLES DODD
AND
JOHN H. COOPER

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

.t summer eve, when Heav'n's aërial bow
ans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
hy to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
hose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
hy do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear 5
ore sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
is distance lends enchantment to the view,
nd robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey,
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way ; 10
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye 15
To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span ; 20
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

Answers to Selected Questions

ANSWER TO SELECTED QUESTIONS

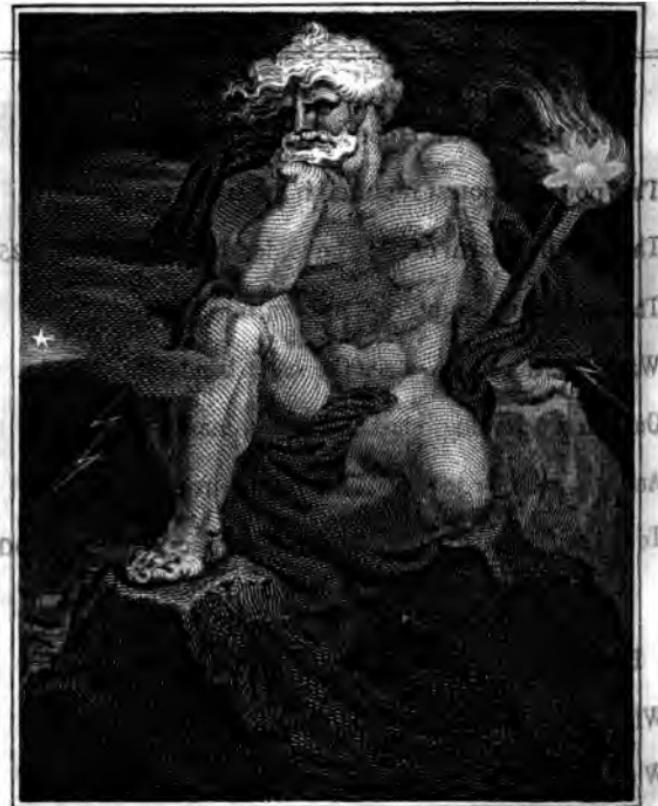
1. **What is the difference between a primary and a secondary market?**
A primary market is where new shares are issued by a company.
A secondary market is where existing shares are traded.
2. **What is the difference between a stock market and a bond market?**
A stock market is where shares of companies are traded.
A bond market is where bonds are traded.

ANSWER TO SELECTED QUESTIONS

3. **What is the difference between a stock market and a bond market?**
A stock market is where shares of companies are traded.
A bond market is where bonds are traded.
4. **What is the difference between a stock market and a bond market?**
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ANSWER TO SELECTED QUESTIONS

5. **What is the difference between a stock market and a bond market?**
A stock market is where shares of companies are traded.
A bond market is where bonds are traded.
6. **What is the difference between a stock market and a bond market?**
A stock market is where shares of companies are traded.
A bond market is where bonds are traded.



Burney del

James Butler A.R.A. sculp.

"Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar!
Where Andes, giant of the western star,-
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Sends from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

With thee, sweet Hope ! resides the heav'nly light,
hat pours remotest rapture on the sight :

hine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
hat calls each slumb'ring passion into play.

/ak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
n tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
nd fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
o Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

25

30

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay ;
When every form of death, and every woe,
lot from malignant stars to earth below ;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
ok'd the red dragons of her iron car ;

35

When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again ;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe :
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !

REFERENCES AND NOTES

“I’m not going to let you do that,” he said firmly.

• EAGLE MAX II (1990) • 100% • 100% • 100%

REFERENCES

Amidst the many difficulties which beset us, we have been enabled to do our best.

1.1.2. *Constitutive equations* (see also §1.1.1)



卷之三

to the *U.S. Fish Commission* and the *Academy of Natural Sciences*.

For more information about the study, contact Dr. Michael J. Sparer at 212-305-2281 or via e-mail at msparer@med.cornell.edu.

4.1.2. *Indirect effects of climate change on water availability*

1990-1991
SCHOOL YEAR

REFERENCES AND NOTES

Journal of Clinical Endocrinology

www.scholarworks.iit.edu/jspui/jspui.jsp



Burney del.

Hancock sculp.

When Murder bared her arm, & rampant War
 Took'd the red dragons of her iron car;
 When peace & mercy banish'd from the plain,
 Sprung on the wintry winds to blare again.

'hat viewless forms th' *Æolian* organ play,
nd sweep tha furrow'd lines of anxious thought away !

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
arth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.

o ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields 55
is bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
low on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
ooks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world. 60

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
n Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
old on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
rom wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;

And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar, aid no daunt.
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore, on its crest,
Poor child of danger, nursing of the storm, is swift to A.
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form! and eqiuW
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay; , and
Thy heart is sad, thy house is far away. 78

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes; 75
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,

Sigh on his flight; he sweeps before the wind,
 reads the love where he might'd to leave behind ; 80
 looks at each step a friend's familiar face,
 and flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
 Wipes from her cheek the captain-speaking tear,
 and clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
 While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
 his faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
 points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
 his wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
 intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ; 90
 'o thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 in stormy floods, and carnage cover'd fields,

When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line;
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles with the dead;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bade our hero
The hardy Byron to his native shore,
In horrid climes, where Chiloë's tempests sweep o'er
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,

wake each joyless morn, and search again
the famish'd haunts of solitary men ;
those race, unyielding as their native storm,
shows not a trace of Nature but the form ; 110
yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
bold, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
erc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
the moon's pale planet, and the northern star ;
us'd at each dreary cry, unheard before, 115
lyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;
ill, led by thee o'er marshy a cliff sublime,
he found a warmer world, a milder clime ;
home to rest, a shelter to defend, 120
eace and repose, a Briton and a friend.

'Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius' hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heav'n! (thy winged words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame! 126
Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star!
Wilt thou, with Him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye? 130
Yet, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the itching march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.

" The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bow'rs,⁴ 135
is winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs;
ills from their woodland haunts the savage train,
ith sounding horn, and counts them on the plain;
once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'rers came
Eden's shade, and heard their various name.¹⁴⁰

" Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
ow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
lm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye,
e lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high,
miring Plato, on his spotless page,¹⁴⁵
umps the bright dictates of the Father sage; to keep ed
hall Nature, bound to Earth's diurnal span,
ie fire of God, th' immortal soul of man.⁵

“ Turn, child of Heav’n, thy rapture-lighten’d eye
To Wisdom’s walks, the sacred Nine are high : ” 150
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Delphian Height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia’s daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow, ” 155
And Pythia’s awful organ peals below.

“ Belov’d of Heav’n ! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ; ” 160
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin’d,
And breathe a holy madness o’er thy mind. ” 165
I see thee roamer her guardian pow’r beneath, ” 170
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ; ” 175

enquire of guilty wand'lers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell, 165
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

[Enter Venus.]

" When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering neon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy ; 170
A milder mood the goddess shall recal,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While Beauty's deeply-pictur'd smiles import,
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart.
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strains, 175
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy’s mellow stream ;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty’s tears are lovelier than her smile ;— 180
On Nature’s throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief ?

“ Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv’n,
And pow’r on earth to plead the cause of Heav’n ;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone, 185
That never mus’d on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store ’at thy command,
Like Horeb’s rocks beneath the prophet’s hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm’d into soul, receives a second birth ; 190

thy dead paw's another heart afford,
se passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command, 195
Israel march'd along the desert land,
through the night on lonely wilds afar,
old the path—a never-setting star:
eav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,
is thy star, her light is ever thine." 200

Spiteous Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy
sacred home of Hymenean joy;
I doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,

Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame, 20
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more, 210
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away, 215
That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heav'n propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ; 220



PLEASURES OF HOPE. 77



Burney del. — Heath

*So, at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the weariful mother keeps.*

ill, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
the days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
health shall prolong to many a festive hour
the social pleasures of his humble bower.

Look at the couch where infant beauty sleeps, 225

In silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
she, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
miles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
and weaves a song of melancholy joy—

Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy: 230

The ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,
bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
a form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chace the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summon'd from the world and
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near ?
Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

peaks affection, ere the infant eye
 ok regard, or brighten in reply; 250
ien the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
her's ear by that endearing name;
the playful innocent can prove
of pity, or a smile of love,
s his murmur'ring task beneath her care, 255
s with holy look his ev'ning prayer,
ing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
ournful ballad warbled in his ear;
ondly looks admiring Hope the while,
y artless tear, and every smile! 260
lows the joyous parent to descry
eless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray 265
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty resume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ; 270
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour 275
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
at wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
itch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
ew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze, 281

sp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze :
r widow'd wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain,
memory fled her agonizing brain :—

Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe, 285
il peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;
rm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
l aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Itt when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
l the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry, 290

Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return ;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'rings never kn
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by ;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam—
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,



PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Page 25.



Burney del.

James Fittler A.R.A. sculp.

'Leans o'er its humble gate, & thinks the while-
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile;
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form'd
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.'

Where, round the cot's romantic glade are seen 305

The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—

Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,

Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm ! 310

There should my hand no stinted boon assign

To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine !—

That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,

And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind, 315

The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,

Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see

The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;

I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man. 320

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along, 325
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk ;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day ;
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men ;

watch, on woodland heights around,
curfew as it tolls profound.

n groves where damned rites are done, 335
the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
lies^s—the veil is rent in twain.

bar'brous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
rcy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ; 340
legrated Nature bleeds and pines,
ea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
the dreadful features of despair.—
stern captive spurns his heavy load, 345
ne image back that heaven bestow'd !

Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns !

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile, 35c
When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van, 35d
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh ! Heav'n ! he cried, my bleeding country save !—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ? 36g

Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise fellow men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd 365
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
Low, murmur'ring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply ; 370
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—

Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spe
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage the
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murmur ring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !

Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call! 390
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod, 395
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast; 400
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man, 405
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN! 410

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see—
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n, 415
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!

Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,—
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ; 420
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue ;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine, 425
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine :—
“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring : 430

What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No :—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the w^o
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died ?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !

- Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore 445
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms ! 450
- See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more ?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die, 455
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls ?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ? 460

Yes ! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay !

Yes ! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may t
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below !

And say, supernal Powers ! who deeply scan
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,

When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame, 475

That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—

That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands

Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?

Who, sternly marking on his native soil,

The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil, 480

Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see

Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day

That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;

Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed, 485

And holy men give scripture for the deed;

Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save

A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

"Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil ;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo ! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign ;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky, 505
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye ;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own ;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man ! 510

The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ;
For ever fallen ! no son of Nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away, 515
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,

Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew; ^t at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell !
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !—
Poor fetter'd man ! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe !
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires !
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh !
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—

Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run ! 535

Prolific fields ! dominions of the sun !
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd !
How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd !
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,

From Scythia's northern mountains to the main, 540

Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—
Stun'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale !

Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame, 545

When Brama's children perish'd for his name ;

The martyr smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,
And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour !

When Europe sought your subject realms to gair
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape; "
Children of Brahma ! then was mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave ?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van !

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade ! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store, 565
While famish'd nations died along the shore ;
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame ! 570

But hark ! as bow'd to earth the bramin kneels,
From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the a'bell,

And solemn sounds that awe the list'ning mind, 5

Roll on the azure paths of ev'ry wind.

“ Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say),

Revolving ages bring the bitter day,

When Heav'n's unerring arm shall fall on you,

And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ; 5

Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd

His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;

Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,

Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;

Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain—

But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again !

He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky

With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on'high !

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm ! 590
Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

To pour redress on India's injur'd realm 595
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heav'n's command
Shall Seriswattee⁹ wave her hallowed wand ! 600
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—

Come, Heav'nly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for ever more !



END OF PART FIRST.

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.



Analysis of Part II.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love....its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility....allusion to that stiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which events the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love superadded to its other blessings....the dreams of future ity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope imated by refined attachment....this disposition to combine, re imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our ate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an nblage of the most beautiful features he could find....a sum- and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the e of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents....even in contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with expression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct ect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now

The last and most sublime influence of Hope, is the con- ing topic of the Poem....the predominance of a belief in ure state over the terrors attendant on dissolution....the ul influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from comforts....allusion to the fate of a suicide....episode of ad and Ellenore....conclusion.



PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
Who hath not paus'd while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

5

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow ;

There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd :—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few !
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between ;
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour, 25
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r!
In vain the viewless seraph ling'ring there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep; 30
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day, 35
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—

The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bri
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing !
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn ;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review,
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path—a wildness, and a dream !

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,

On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day ?—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !—*

If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise 55

One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine !

But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness, 60

Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,

No tear to blot thy memory's pictur'd page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage ;

Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss 65
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,

(For love pursues an ever devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace) ;
Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart !

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece ;
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And, as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their smiles :

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refin'd,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combin'd !
Love on the picture smil'd ! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece ador'd !

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy ! gleans 85
The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes ;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where Love and Lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bow'rs ! 90
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway !
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore !

There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods, and waves, and murmur'ring winds asleep
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around !

The moon is up—the watch-tow'r dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns ; 110
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come ! let polar spirits sweep 115
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep !
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day ! 120
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began !
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,

While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour— 140
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion ! and thy simple tale,^b
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true, 145
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ; 150

There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child !
Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray'r his bursting heart, and died !

Or will they learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes ?
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever ever dear !
Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword !
Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of nature crack'd with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel 165
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend 'from age to age ! 170

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great! 175
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore, °
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last ! •

File after file, the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang ?
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day !

In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year ;
In those unmeasur'd worlds, she bids thee tell, 195
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know ;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,
Thron'd on her tow'rs, conversing with the storm, 200
(When o'er each runic altar, weed-entwin'd,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore ;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind 205
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main ;

Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world !

Oh ! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue !
True ; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return ! *

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuag
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day ;

Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill, 225
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still !

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smil'd on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy ! 230
My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried !
Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son !

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn, 235
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !

Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
Where Time's far wand'ring tide has never run,

From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,

A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and loud,

Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !

While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust, 255

The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;

And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod

The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,

With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,

And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss ! 260

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume

The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll

Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !

Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n undazzl'd by the blaze,
On heav'ly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?

Back to its heav'ly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ; 280

Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—

Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,

Careers the fiery giant, fast and far, 285

On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car ;

From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;

But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,

Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun ! 290

So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;

And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh ! lives there, Heav'n ! beneath thy dread exp
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—
There live, alas ! of heav'n-directed mien,
Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !

as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
endless slave, a child without a sire,
se mortal life, and momentary fire,
s to the grave his chance-created form,
ean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
ight and silence sink for ever more!—

310

e these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
s of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
s your triumph—this your proud applause,
ren of Truth, and champions of her cause?
his hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
ore and sea—each mute and living thing? 320

Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and iles beyond the deep ?
Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heav'
Oh ! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !
Ah me ! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if heav'n-ward Hope remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,

- If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r,
This frail and fev'rish being of an hour ;
Down'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep, 340
- To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
- Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom, 345
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
- Truth, ever lovely—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start,
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart ! 350
- Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,

Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan !
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clow

Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child!

Mild be the doom of Heav'n—as thou wert mild !

For oh ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,

And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last. 370

Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear

The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !

When Friendahip paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,

By midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind, 375

But leave—oh ! leave, the light of Hope behind !

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,

Like angel-visits, few and far between !

Her musing mood shall every pang appease,

And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please ! 380

Yes ! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee ;
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, music, friendship, Love's propitious smile
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmoniz'd to joy !—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flow'r ?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impasion'd spirits feel ?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate ?—

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,

Have pow'r to soothe, unaided and alone, 395

The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !

When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,

Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;

When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears

A lonely hermit in the vale of years ; 400

Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow

To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?

No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—

Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to ye

Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain.

Generalities concerning A

• 1 2 3

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,

What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu !

Daughter of Conrad ! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell !
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee ?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part ;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

“ And weep not thus,” he cried, “ young Ellen !
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !

shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
oon these limbs to kindred dust return !

ot, my child, with life's precarious fire, 425
mmortal ties of nature shall expire ;
shall resist the triumph of decay,
time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away !

in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
at which warm'd it once shall never die ! 430

spark unburied in its mortal frame,
living light, eternal, and the same,
beam on Joy's interminable years,
il'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears !

et, on the barren shore and stormy deep, 435
edious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep ;

But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

“ Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child :
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd ;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze ;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er,
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?

ill secret scènes thy filial sorrow bide,
or n'd by the world; to factious guilt allied?
I ! no ; methinks the generous and the good
ill woo thee from the shades of solitude !
or friendless grief compassion shall awake, 453
d smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake !"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
o tears of love were hopeless, but for thee !
in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
that faint murmur be the last farewell ! 460
Fate unite the faithful but to part,
hy is their memory sacred to the heart ?
hy does the brother of my childhood seem
stor'd a while in every pleasing dream ?

Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was ne

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres subli
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of
Thy joyous youth began —but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

NOTES.

ON PART I.

NOTE a.

*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 10.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus.—“ A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the

" westward." The land here was very low and flat
" something like the mould of a river which discha
" ges itself into the sea, and which had been taken no
" by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians
" obliged to take every thing out of their canoes,
" & it over land. We towed up the river four or five
" and then took into a branch of it that ran first
" eastward, and then to the northward : here it
" much narrower, and the stream excessively ra
" that we gained but little way, though we rowed
" hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and
" most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect
" and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained
" sively. The Indians were little better off than
" there was no wood here to make their wigwams;
" all they could do was to prop up the bark, whic
" carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelte
" selves as well as they could to the leeward of it.
" ing the difficulties they had to encounter here, th

"provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a
"morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, ex-
"cepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of,
"which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured
"all next day against the stream, and fared as we had
"done the day before. The next day brought us to the
"carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing
"to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had
"frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at
"this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three
"days at the car without any kind of nourishment except
"the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for
"it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a
"short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red
"cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair
"of breezers, without shoes or stockings."

NOTE b.

~~a Briton and a friend~~ had not yet got
Don Patricio Guidi, a Scotch physician in some
Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved ~~Byron's~~
wretched associates, of which the commodore in
the warmest terms of gratitude.

NOTE c.

~~the author of the poem, and his friends~~
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolic representation of the seven planets. Herschell, covering an eight, might be said to add another to the instrument.

~~the author of the poem, and his friends~~

~~asidO to AntG. 1800~~ NOTE d. ~~the author of the poem, and his friends~~
most ~~The Swedish sage~~ ~~the author of the poem, and his friends~~
~~and his friends~~ ~~in this~~ ~~single soft~~

NOTE e.

Deep from his vaults, the Loxian streams flow.

Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Chophorus of Aeschylus.

NOTE f.

*Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, chap. xvii, 3, 5, 6.

NOTE g.

Wild Obi flies.

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities.

Such a belief must undoubtedly have been derived from the superstitious mythology of their kinmen (and the entire Africa). I have therefore personified Obips the evil spirit of the Africans, although the history of the Africans distinctly mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

NOTE h.

Sibir's dreary mines.

Mr. Bell of Anternomy, in his Travels through Siberia informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

NOTE i.

NOTE f. and the great wall.*Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!*

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Pragu

the voluptuous entry of victory into the Polish capital; and also instilled into human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

EDWARD G. R.

NOTE k.

The shrill horn blew.

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

NOTE l.

How long was Timur's frenzied sceptre sway'd?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity.

“ The imposter of Mecca had established, far and near, the principles of his doctrine; the merit of extending it; either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“ The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed, by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole coun-

"viles were deluged in blood; in the vain hope, that by
"the destruction of a part, the remainder might be per-
"suaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism;
"but all these sanguinary effects were ineffectual; and at
"length being fully convinced, that though they might
"extirpate, they could never hope to convert, very number
"of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea,
"with which they had entered upon their career of con-
"quest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of
"the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hin-
"dostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza
HAMILTON.*

NOTE m.

And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape.

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, trans-
lated from CAMOENS, by MICKLE.

10. Geom. and math. — houses & villages — towns &c betwixt
NOTE n.

While famish'd nations died along the shore,

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the last alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus.—“ Money in this case
 “ rent came, but by drops; it could not quench the thirst
 “ of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedition,
 such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The
 natives could live with little salt, but could not want
 food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated
 for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They
 knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative
 would therefore be between giving what they had, or
 dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the
 land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others,

" planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly
 " was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts
 " the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead
 " unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions
 in the East Indies*, page 145.

NOTE o.

*Nine times hath Brahma's wheels of lightning hurl'd
 His awful presence o'er the prostrate world.*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brahma has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. *Avatar* is the word used to express his descent.

NOTE p.

Shall Seriswattie wave her hallowed wand?

And Camdeo bright and Ganesa sublime—

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of
Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattie correspond to the
deities Janus and Minerva.

NOTES

ON PART II.

NOTE a, p. 56.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!

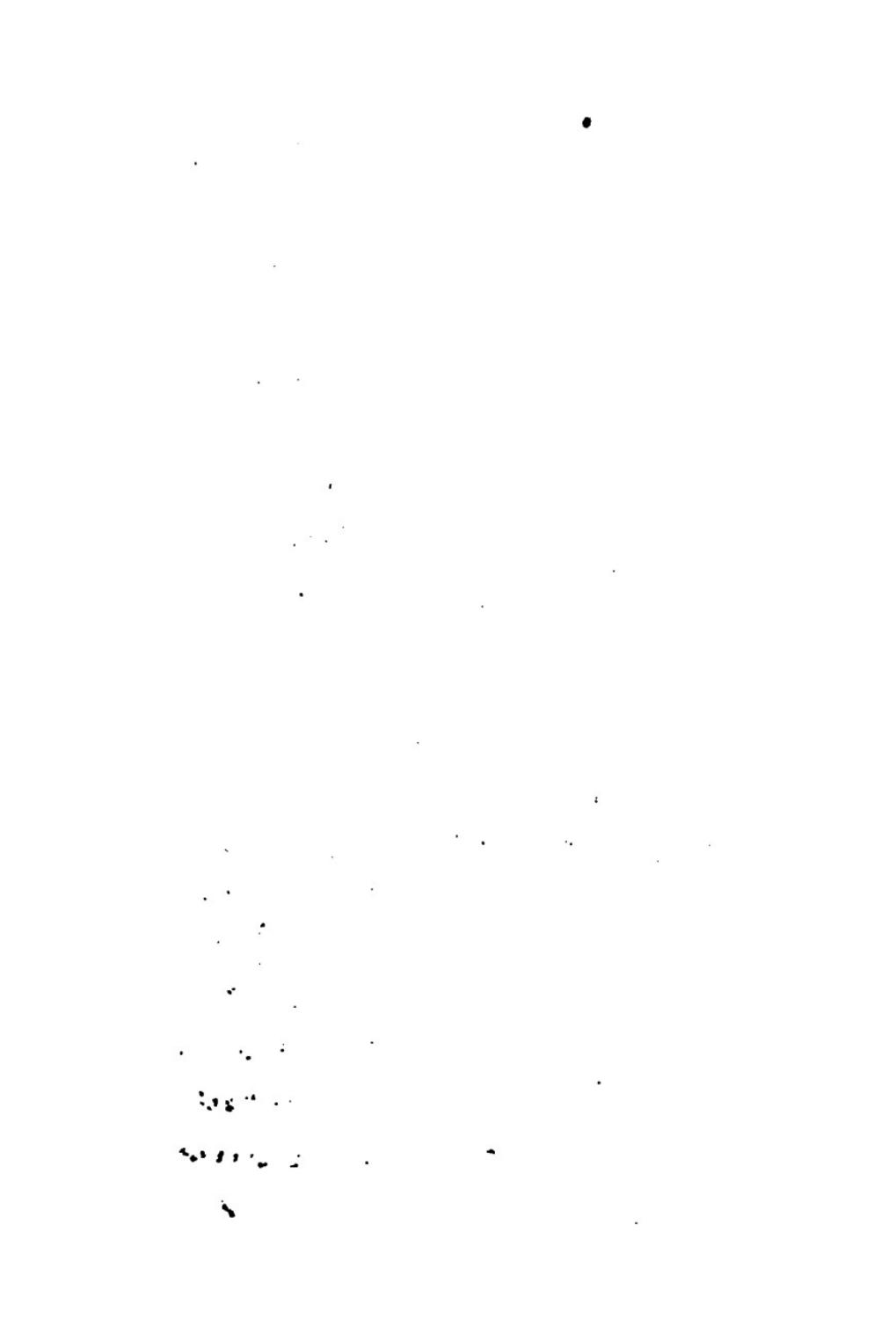
Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—PRYDEN.

NOTE b, p. 61.

Thy woes, Arion!

Falconer in his poem *the Shipwreck* speaks of himself by the name of *Arion*.

See Falconer's Shipwreck, canto iii.



**SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION
FROM MEDEA.**

|

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—

—

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.

Σκανδ; δε λαγησ, πεδη, τι σοφες
Τας πρεσβεις βροντες; επι αυ μαρτυρει.

Medea, v. 194. p. 33, Ging. edit.

ILL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
it charmed the ear of youthful Time,
th numbers wrapt in heav'nly fire ;
lo bade delighted Echo swell.

The trembling transports of the lyre

5

The murmur of the shell—

Why to the burst of Joy alone

Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?

Why can no bard, with magic strain,

In slumbers steep the heart of pain?

10

While varied tones obey your sweep,

The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,

Bends not despairing Grief to hear

Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear?

Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind

15

The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,

And lull the wrath, at whose command

Murder bares her gory hand?

When flush'd with joy, the noisy throng

Weave the light dance, ye swell the song!

20

ase, ye vain warblers! cease to charm
 the breast with other raptures warm!
 ase! till your hand with magic strain
 slumbers steep the heart of pain!



SPEECH OF THE CHORUS IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

D DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER
CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND FLYING FOR
PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

HAGGARD queen ! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore ;
seek to hide thy damned parricide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for ever more ?

the land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime, 5
Woos the deep silence of sequester'd bowers,
nd warriors, matchless since the first of Time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers !

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair, 10
While Spring eternal, on the lillied plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air !

The tuneful Nine (as sacred legends tell)
First wak'd their heavenly lyre these scenes amang ;
Still in your greenweed bower they love to dwell ; 15
Still in your vales they swell the choral song !

But then the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Wav'd in bright auburn e'er her polish'd brow ! 20

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The morn'ring wreaths of cool Cephissus have,
There, as the Muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave;

And blest the stream, and breath'd across the land, 25
The soft sweet gale that fans yon sunless bowers;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

" And go," (she cries) " in yonder valleys now,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumse; 30
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom !

" Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft controul,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind !
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul, 35
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind."

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters ply,
Where Friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman ! with thy hands embrued 40

In thine own children's gore ? Oh ! ere they bleed,
Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal !
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall !

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall sting,
When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear ; 46
Where shalt thou sink, when ling'ring echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortur'd ear ?

No ! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—
In dust we kneel—by sacred heaven implore— 50
O ! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore !

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barb'rous soul assume,
Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan ?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom ? 55
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began ?

What o'er each bale yet look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep;
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep?

When the young supplicants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,—
Aye! thou shalt melt,—and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in ev'ry tender string,—
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task detect;—
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye!

CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth ! with indignation
Mark, oh, mark the murd'rous deed ! 70
Radiant eye of wide creation,
Watch the damned parricide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter, 75
Children of thy golden line!

Shall the hand, with murder gory,
Cause immortal blood to flow !
Sun of Heav'n !—array'd in glory!
Rise,—forbid,—avert the blow ! 80

In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast thou, with kind protection, 85
Rear'd thy smiling race in vain;
Fost'ring Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain?

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,
Brav'd the tempest loud and strong, 90
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,

Hymenean joys to prove ?

Spare, O sanguinary stranger,

95

Pledges of thy sacred love !

Shall not Heaven, with indignation,

Watch thee o'er the barb'rous deed ?

Shalt thou cleanse, with expiation,

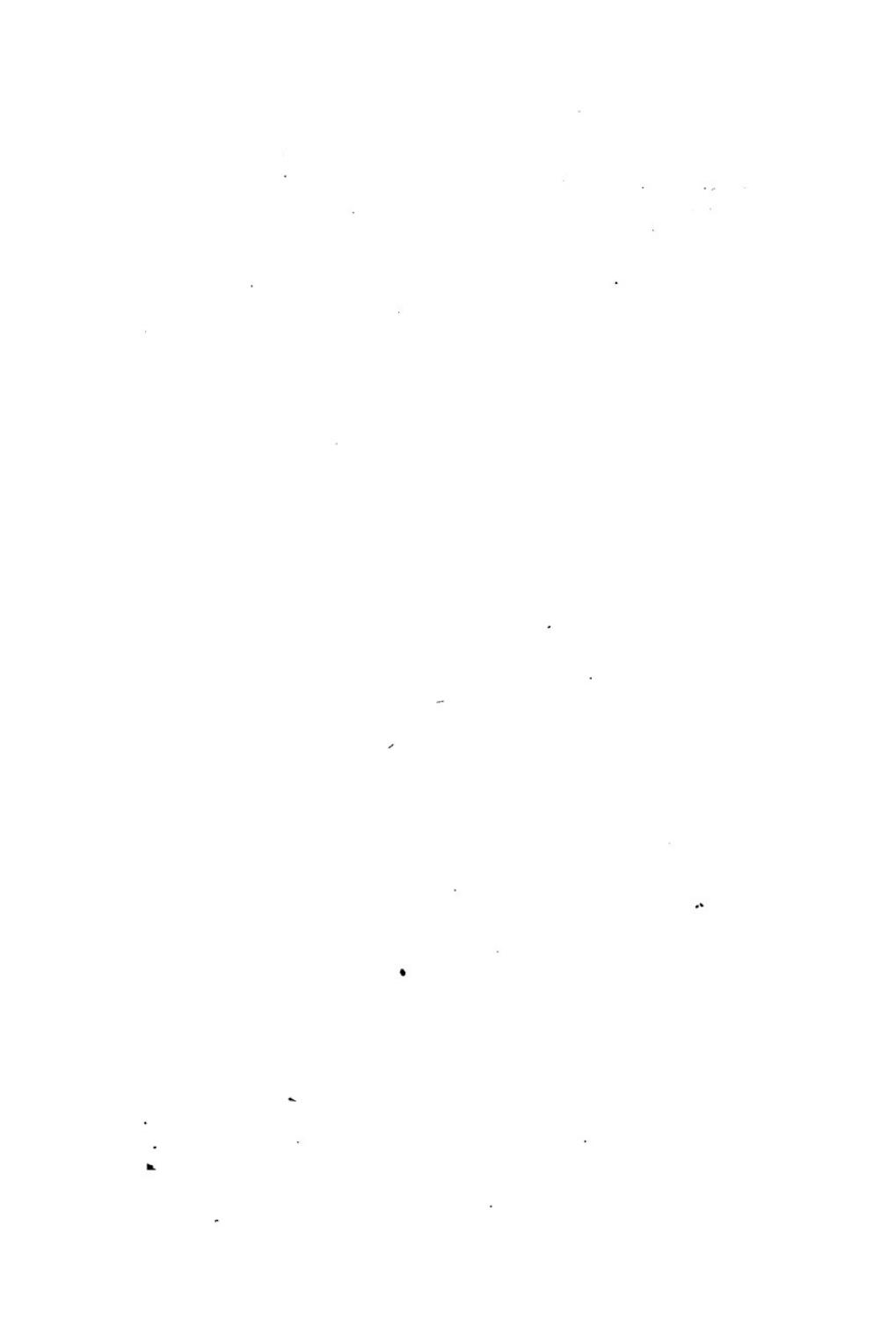
Monstrous, murd'rous, parricide ?

100



LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY.



LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY.

Written in 1795.

HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower*
The solemn bell has tol'd the midnight hour !
Rous'd from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
Poor B——k wakes—in solitude to weep !

“ Cease, Mem'ry, cease (the friendless mourner cry'd)
To probe the bosom too severely tried !” 6
Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day :

* Warwick castle.

When youthful Hope, the music of the mind,
Tun'd all its charms, and E——n was kind!

“ Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling fram
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name?
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm!
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !
Pale as in that sad hour, when doom'd to feel,
Deep in thy perjur'd heart the bloody steel !

“ Demons of Vengeance! ye at whose command
I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice controul,
Or Horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
No ! my wild heart sat smilling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began !

es; let the clay-cold breast, that never knew
nder pang to generous Nature true,
ingling pity with the gall of scorn, 25
nn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

nd ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,
apture's homage to your conscious charms !
ted idols of a gaudy train!
your blunter feelings guess the pain, 30
the fond faithful heart, inspir'd to prove
ship refin'd, the calm delight of love,
ll its tender strings with anguish torn,
eeds at perjur'd Pride's inhuman scorn!

y, then, did pitying Heav'n condemn the deed, 35
Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover! bleed ?

Long had I watch'd thy dark forboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow !
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estrang'd, 40
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter, thrown,
I wander'd, hopeless, friendless, and alone !

“ Oh ! righteous Heav'n ! 'twas then my tortur'd soul
First gave to wrath unlimited controul !
Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye ! 45
The murmur'd plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !
Long slumb'ring Vengeance wakes to better deeds ;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjur'd lover bleeds !
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more ! 50

' 'Tis done! the flame of hate no longer burns;
ure relents, but, ah! too late returns!
iy does my soul this gush of fondness feel?
mbling and faint, I drop the guilty steel!
d on my heart the hand of terror lies, 55
i shades of horror close my languid eyes!—

' Oh! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepest grain!
ild B——k's soul so true to wrath remain?
riend long true, a once fond lover fell!—
ere Love was foster'd, could not Pity dwell? 60

' Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent glows,
watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
etels my fate, and summons me to come!

Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

“ Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull'd to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn !”

SONGS.



THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
her, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my lover;
re dost thou welter, and bleed on the shore ?

oice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd! 5
ournful she hastened, nor wander'd she far,
leeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
e light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar !

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar; 10
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar? 16

Thou shalt live, she replied, Heav'n's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!
Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving!
No light of the morn shall to Henry return! 20

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !
Ye babes of my love that await me afar !—
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar !

• C 60 J 2002

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE

GENERAL LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR ENDING

DECEMBER 31, 1881.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

1882.

1882.

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1882.

GILDEROY.

The last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows tree !

The bell has toll'd ; it shakes my heart ; 5
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier !

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart ?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !

1 ! little thought I to deplore
These limbs in fetters bound ;
I hear, upon thy scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

2 cruel, cruel, that combin'd
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy ;
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy !

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay ;
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

THE HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
The blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
His harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went, was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forc'd from my Sheelah to part, 5
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart)
I remember your Sheelah when far far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly lov'd me, although I was poor; 10
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
And always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey, 15
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refus'd my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray. 20

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE END.

BOOKS

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I.

The WORKS of the BRITISH POETS, with Pre-
s Biographical and Critical, by Robert Anderson,
D. 13 vols. royal 8vo.—Price 9l. 15s. fewed.

From what we have already said on the subject of this Work
neral character may easily be inferred. It appears to us an
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